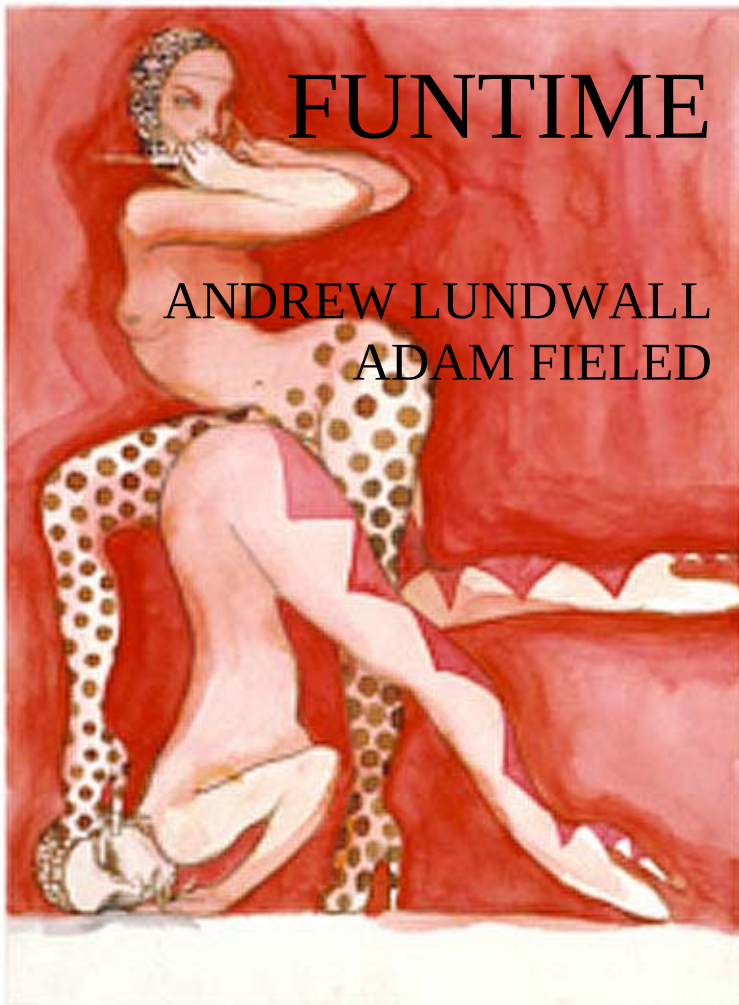


FUNTIME

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Funtime

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Funtime Press



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Staggered

it wasn't i but my evil twin
that bit through
the transparency
of her neck
in the wino alley
'round 'bout midnight
last night

you see she was cute
smooth, fair skin,
tautened body
so erect
in staggered moonlight
w a dancer's belly
we were tight

tripping down main
over the junkies
and the jagged pavement

bleeding pearls
from our lips

Rogue Plane

rogue plane, she said
you can't be in love
unless you feel awe
of the sky, of its heft,
of blue bluesy blueness,

solid like an apple's skin,
bitter as a bitten core,
bubbled like breath on
blown smoke, she said,
I've seen this in clouds,

she said, inhabited, she said,
as a table in the foetal, she's head,
as an egg tender in her brackets,
she's aid, you will, she said, amen,

breed; (tender fruited ether)
breed-- (windy whirling flyer)

breed, (semi-livid bruises)

breed. (she's the kind that cruises)

Doubt (Sprout)

the clouds
of her face
intersect
looking
up to me

to see
brown bulbs
sprout
beneath
her doubts

Klaxon

saucy pedantic wretch, how
like a stop-watch you show
what runs through blood, my
blood, and really to be gruff
would require more than melons;

the nettles of my sky are glad
and sad release yr windows
between insults what's this code
that keeps coming back
dance with me jump ropes

come on let's go hop-scotch,
foxtrot, o house-plant spider-
arm calcium boned boning, O
for the harsh saying of the things
that sit on yr panes & fondle

yr definition like the treasures

of atlantis hypnagogic this vibe
and slink down the spiral staircase
of klaxon lips flapping tongues
as midwestern mud flaps

Zipped-Down Pants

i liked you better when
we were breaking the law,

she saw us parked by the
river, we all three went down,

we were so terrible
like sitcom joan of arc's

false fire gone rampant,
purple bodice burned off,

rather the highway chase
than the cursed cuffs,

rather a sweat-drenched
triad than a filled trench,

orgiastic criminal threesome
stare illegal intentions legal,

wrap-around shaded, paint
spilled on zipped-down pants.

Joey LaHue

philanderers scan the visceral distance
flame to flame swallowed down hot and hard
she says *off-standish* volatile swim

each particle of scrotum-dust is scarred
virile is viral when the fuck-it impulse comes
like a dracula statue, rain-swept and dark,

always hard in the maternity ward of the sticks
doom and gloom are the best lays i've ever
wept after in the solitude of my pastoral room

after clit-climax connections are severed
when each jerk of diamonds has reappeared
cards dealt, hands on slot machine levers,

my name's Joey LaHue eyes slit tight
dreaming of booty or a foreign land to
make lick on oftentimes i think of her

ways we used to scream and/or screw
they don't call me Joe Blow for nothin
but now I'm just whimpering Joey LaHue

Come You Are Mine

Dear M. Lundwall,

I cannot help that I am horny all of the time I especially favor post-avant poets Since there's no denying that I am basically god it is my hope that everyone I know writes me to express how much they love my poetry.

Proper worship of my preternatural exuberance would begin w a washing of my feet. You may douse them w Ivory soap, for example, or even pumice. Then, you may proceed up my legs, ever so gently, like a mini-league of Ivy making an Academy of my skin.

What rascals they all are! I know I'm strange I am exceedingly delighted with spanking girls bottoms I'd not had sex for six months "Come on," she whispered "We haven't got long."

What if I confided to you that you are better than she is? There is no hiding those blow-job lips. What if I told you that everything that is mine could be

yours. Your lips equal my metaphors. Sweetheart.

I especially favor post-avant worship of an
Academy of skin I'd confided to no hiding told you
am basically god to express how washing of feet
you know I'm strange I know blow-jobs love my
poetry What rascals they sex for six months Come
you are mine.

Nosedive

i feel like nosediving tonight i'm gonna
get stoned and that's just sackrobats
all aboard for wouldn't it be nice express

last night i was down tonight promises
vampires worked the crew ship in vats
Berlin looked like a gymnasium bench

your pet sounds like a forlorn sloop
good gad how the prosencium vibrates
I posit a stage on which magic works

tape loop this strange woman seated
with her twin devours visceral edges
of the theatre of cruelty splurging
her oeuvre in funtime flesh

Encino

Not to be hot-rodded
doors, windows, locks
oily birds dropping bait
every socket shocked
by a red-headed date

with a squirtgun in hand
her name's pistola kate
she shot a man in reno
me and she's hysterical
rolling over sunshine land

I'm a lipstick-kissed man
her hold on me is terrible
we'll move down to Encino
tempting Feds and Fate
for her freckled behind

is always on my mind

Ass-Avid

Out of a window on
the second floor, two
figures saw a bronco
bucking on a couch,
I was beneath, two
blankets like balls,

i swear the curtains
like so dynamited
my thought process
i think of a flea
i think of a sea
i think of smoking tea

and washes of green
smoke filtering out,
across the street, into
that breath-burnished
window, four ass-avid
eyes, I thought I'd done,

my boning the window woman
the video game the arcade
where's my mind going
i can't follow this
four ass-avid eyes
i thought i'd done

Bump & Grind

it's so noxious,
how knocking
on a bump means
she only comes
once, or knocks

on a grind spell
love's catastrophe
does life carry on
when the kitty dry humps
an apostrophe or is it true

she learned early
not to trust waves
broken and cracked
on a hardwood floor
but uses the door

Stab

near the window i stood
piece of raw meat dangling
from my finger tips
sighing solitude

classic jack-off wisdom,
pictures of you
I took high, on trips,
weed whacking, tangling,

tangling in fantasies
nostalgia of deep nights
bowling my brains
in retrospective halls

you had the balls
to take it from behind
there were no stains
each stab was ecstasy

Fragment

I see you in me,
gravity-grooves in
excelsis Devo, you
whip it into shape,
shape it up, like
a tilted bust of Venus,

jerkin back and forth
in the frayed pages
of yr vinyl arms
all hissy and beauty
remember that night
we'd named brandy

alexander, took her
past the outskirts of
infinity, using words
like calculated love,
hedging bets & buns,
rushed to the I am ones,

hiked up in skirts of hooves
and grooves this field
makes me sick
and these cows too
she wonders my gambling
brandy alexander

it's an Anaximander fragment

Clark Park

I walked by Clark Park,
clutching your hand, a
sea-bed, a rhizome, a
place to be connected
to a nexus of reflections,

wino and dancer, kissing
the cosmos, bled wishes pour
from aching mouths, Clark Park,
the look in your eyes, touching
breeze, tortured black silk gloves,
the parasol a torch held above

while they kicked a ball around,
bounding, rebounding off
glazed grass and daisies,
I saw something of a knot
in me, you undid it, gloved,
umbrella snake-like in hand,

crazed addict and burlesque baby,
the slow motion of your eyebrows
elevated, tea high, arabesque
of clouds, tilted, smoky, souls,
Clark Park, nearly walking through you

A Body

a body, seconds-fucked,
flame-kissed, uber-body,
i spell 'words' backwards,
my eyelids shutter up
in the spring morning breeze,
my words are my sword,

it's like being on a swing,
like the feeling under clouds
on a stiff sprung May
morning, it's all about
petticoats and lips, in
tandem with slides,

whips, lips, flips, stripping,
twenty lonely laps beneath
the swaying light-bulb, brick-
laying with her, an ocean,
ozone, blow apparitions,

pot-hole conscious, dope
dumb in crepuscular blue,
stung w musk-throngs in
her inching, and a little pink
carnation holds the core

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